

A

PANEGYRIC POEM,  
ON  
LADY MARY LOWTHER'S  
ARRIVAL AT  
*WHITEHAVEN.*

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The Second Edition, by  
C. S. SURGEON in his MAJESTY'S  
SEA-SERVICE.

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*Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ,  
Segetes ut pinguibus arvis;  
Tu decus omne tuis.* Virgil.

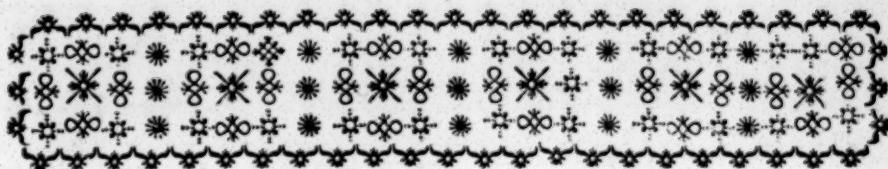
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ON  
**LADY MARY LOWTHER'S**  
 ARRIVAL, &c.

---

 O T in Bethulia, when the groaning  
 land,

Was freed by Judith's Heav'n-directed hand,  
 With greater joy the grateful multitude  
 The fair deliverer of her Country view'd ;  
 Than our glad bosoms at the sight confess  
 Of our more fair, more gentle Patroness.

MARIA-----hardly can the herald say,  
 'MARIA to the Valley bends her way ;  
 Till

Till from all quarters crowds transported rife,  
 And send their acclamations to the skies ;  
 Ev'n babes unwean'd seem smiling to rejoice,  
 And imitate th' exulting mothers' voice ;  
 His feeble voice Old Age attempts to rouse,  
 And speaks in fault'ring sounds MARIA's praise :  
 Faction his Fav'rite eager to proclaim,  
 Mistakes, and thunders out the darling name.  
 The tuneful strings when artful fingers strike,  
 Thus the soft maid and madman dance alike.

At her more near approach, aloft in air,  
 The joyful Tars their waving ensigns rear ;  
 A hardy race, tenacious of their right,  
 In words unskill'd, but dreadful in the fight,  
 MARIA and her lord they haste to meet,  
 And pay their honest homage at their feet.  
 Nor less the red-rob'd warriours of the plain

To

To reach the glowing wheels their sinews strain.  
 Tho' Those to These immortal hatred bear,  
 Concordant they suspend that hatred here.  
 Thus to the first blest pair in Eden's shade,  
 Their joint respect the Wolf and Lion paid.

Horsemen and foot, a num'rous throng, ascend  
 The hill, and for the long-wish'd fight attend ;  
 With hearts impatient, and expecting eyes,  
 As for some Angel promis'd from the Skies :  
 And surely since those happy days of Grace,  
 When Angels talk'd with mortals face to face,  
 Ne'er mortal form, or mind resemblance more  
 To theirs than our belov'd MARIA's bore.

She comes ! she comes ! extatic boundless joy  
 Pants in each breast, and sparkles in each eye !  
 Ten thousand tongues MARIA's praises sing,  
Heav'n,

Heav'n Earth and Seas with their loud plaudits  
ring.

Fair Offspring of a long illustrious race,  
To which thy virtues add yet greater grace,  
O ! welcome to the long-deserted plain,  
As cooling waters to the thirsty swain ;  
Welcome as Rest to the laborious Hind,  
Or flatt'ring visions to the love-sick mind !  
Here still abide, and bless our humble vale,  
The people pray ; O ! let their pray'r's prevail.  
True, these abodes are poor, and mean at best,  
But where's the mansion worthy such a guest ?  
Yet, yet with us, fair Excellence reside,  
See ! Heav'n itself invites thee to abide ;  
At thy approach the furious tempest chains,  
Dispels the clouds, withhold's the chilly rains ;  
And studious of thy pleasure and repose,

A milder season on the clime bestows.  
 Our sorrows thus thy presence shall asswage,  
 Dispel our discontent, restrain our rage ;  
 The land shall flourish : fam'd Arcadia's bow'rs  
 In peace and innocence shall yield to ours.



